

**Dr. Margaret MacKellar**

**The Story of Her  
Early Years**





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BY

**B. CHONÉ OLIVER**

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W. D.





## PREFACE

**W**HEN Dr. MacKellar was on furlough in 1913, at the Whitby Conference, she was led to lay aside her usual reserve and tell of her conversion and call to the mission field. Many were touched by the account and one who was present wrote a sketch of Dr. MacKellar for "Everyland," adapting it to children, but, as the account was written largely from memory, there were a number of inaccuracies.

Dr. MacKellar had often been told that she owed the recital of her leading to others, and that some day it should and would be written. So when it happened that three of us went together to South India for our vacation, it seemed as if the time and opportunity had come for the preparation of the narrative. She told all the facts and they were written down, but with the liberty of a friend and admirer. Dr. MacKellar first became known to me in 1890, when I was aspiring to be what she had become—a medical missionary. Since coming to India, in January, 1902, I have been rather closely associated with her.

It is not the aim of this little sketch, however, to take up the tale of her splendid work in India, but rather to tell and amplify the story that was heard with appreciation at Whitby. May the reading of it be a call to some young people of our church to offer for like service, and may it encourage any who are daunted by difficulties to see how God's help and a strong will can overcome them.

Thanks are due to Miss Coltart for her collaboration in the preparation and for copying the manuscript.

B. CHONE OLIVER.

## INTRODUCTION

**I**N Neemuch, Central India, to-day, there stands a splendidly planned and equipped hospital. Within its walls sick women and children are given the treatment and care best calculated to bring them back to health, and to one and all the Gospel of the Grace of God is preached by word and deed. The solid strength of the building, with its orderly arrangement and capacity for helpfulness demonstrates to a large circle something of the character of the woman of whose life-work in India it crowns.

In the sketch before us, the emphasis is laid on the formative years of Dr. MacKellar's life. Its purpose is mainly to show how God laid hold of her dedicated life and led her along through a series of "determinative choices" into ever enlarging opportunities of service in His Kingdom.

Naturally of a strong unyielding disposition, her girlhood was distinguished, as she often recalls, by tempestuous encounters with the will of one who occupied a position of some authority in the home. But this very quality of firmness, when brought into harmony with the good and acceptable and perfect will of God, has been a powerful factor in her career, and has made her what she is to-day, a leader in all that pertains to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in India.

And her methods have been those of her Master, as they were summarized recently by a London Minister, i.e., compassion, prayer, hard work. It was compassion for souls that led her out into paths of Christian service, that at one of the decisive moments of her life constrained her, when she heard the needs of the Christless multitude in distant lands, to cast her all into the treasury and later, to give *herself* to the great missionary venture of faith. And from the beginning of her Christian life fellowship with God in prayer has been interwoven with the fibre of her being. After the initial, deliberate choice to go back to school it was sheer hard work and determination not to give in that led her through the strenuous years of preparation for life-service as a medical missionary.

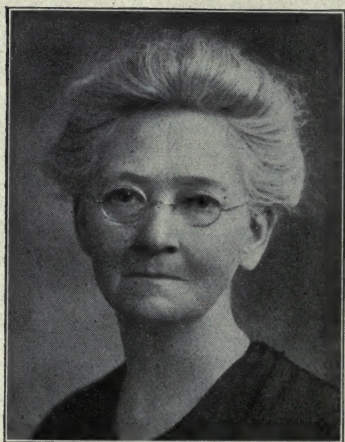


Withal she has not forgotten how to play! It was a revelation during a summer vacation, to see the readiness with which she entered into friendly relationship with the small son of the home, a sunny boy of independent spirit. She "popped" rose leaves with him, and made little toy boats and vessels and snakes from the tissue wrapping of sweets. Though farthest removed from him in years, she was the one in our company who seemed to get nearest him in spirit.

The same capacity for enjoyment which made her a popular member of society in her girlhood makes her still a welcome addition to any gathering. She has an endless fund of amusing anecdotes and conundrums, and a happy gift of repartee; she can be serious with the serious, and yet enter into the pleasures of the merry hearted. This is a side of her character which perhaps has not been dwelt on in the sketch of her life, but it should not be passed over.

Of Margaret MacKellar it may be truly said, that having sought first the Kingdom of God, "all these things" have been added unto her.

MARGARET A. COLTART.



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# Dr. Margaret MacKellar

## CHAPTER I

### CHILDHOOD

**I**N the Island of Mull, set in the wild Atlantic Ocean off the West Coast of Scotland, Margaret MacKellar was born on October 23rd, 1861. Though she was but two years of age when her family emigrated to Canada, her fervent patriotism is of the true Highland type, and she has all the intensity and fire of her Celtic ancestry.

She was the second child of Peter MacKellar and Mary MacLeod. From her parents she received the foundations of her strong character. Her father was a quiet, God-fearing man. At an early age he took to sea and made long voyages to distant lands. He visited India a number of times, and little Margaret's first knowledge of the land to which she was destined to give her life came to her in the interesting form of stories told her by her older sister as she had heard them from her father.

Margaret's mother was the only daughter in a family of six. Her parents were godly folk, and an incident in the girl's early life gives a hint of the home-training she must have had. It was at the time of the Disruption of 1843, and Mary MacLeod was fourteen years old. The little church in Mull was to decide to which party it would adhere. Mary went to the meeting where this question was being discussed. She was so long in returning that her mother, becoming anxious, set out to meet her. A little way along the road she found her daughter kneeling behind a rock, engaged in prayer, seeking the guidance of God as to the stand she should take at this crisis in the history of her beloved Church.

As already indicated, Margaret was about two years of age when the lure of the new world drew the family West. In the old "Britannia" of the Allan Line they embarked: Mrs. MacKellar, the two children, Annie and Margaret, and the dear Grandmother MacLeod, with her youngest son, to join Mr. MacKellar, who was already in Canada. The other maternal uncles followed later and their presence contributed much to

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the home life in the new land. The first home was in St. Catharines, Ontario, but about a year after their arrival, Mr. MacKellar secured a hundred acres of farm land in the County of Bruce. At that time there were no clearings, and until the little log house was built for the temporary shelter of the family, they were kindly received into the house of a Scottish neighbor.

Margaret's first recollection is of a day when her grandmother took her in her arms to carry her over to the new home. On the way she sat down on a log with the child in her arms, and wept as though her heart would break. No doubt the contrast between the dear snug little home away in Mull and the rough log hut in the lonely forest overcame her, and she felt,

"O why, left I my hame,  
Why did I cross the deep?  
Oh, why left I the land  
Where my forefathers sleep?  
Oh, here no Sabbath bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor song of reapers heard  
Among the yellow corn."

But soon the transforming touch of the mother was seen in and about the little home. Flowers—roses, sweet-william, rosemary, sweet briar—grew about the door, and within were pots and boxes of flowers, the lovely white chrysanthemums coming into bloom at Christmas time.

There was only a "but" and a "ben" and a loft, but the house was ever open to the passing guest. In the winter Captain MacKellar was at home with his family, but in the summer he was away on the Great Lakes commanding his own ship. Sometimes at night when the storms were raging round, Margaret's mother would rise from her bed and go out into the little garden to pray "for those in peril on the sea," while the grandmother, sharing her vigil, would sit up in bed and rock herself to and fro, pouring out her soul to God in Gaelic, her native tongue.

When Margaret was about five years of age she started to



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school—not because she was able to walk the two and a quarter miles to the schoolhouse, but because she was so eager to go that she would not stay at home. Her young uncle, who attended school in the winter, used to carry her on his back. If the weather was stormy she would often be left for the night at the MacGregors', near the school. It is interesting to note that the Rev. Donald MacGillivray, D.D., of our Canadian Presbyterian Mission in China, who is now connected with the Christian Literature Society of China, "learned his letters" at the same school at the same time. From the first, Margaret was fond of her lessons, and made good progress. At this school she formed a lasting friendship with Amelia Allen, and the two were special favourites of the teacher, James MacKinnon, who often overlooked their little pranks. Margaret was full of life and fond of fun.

The Sabbath was strictly kept in the home. Sometimes Margaret held a service and preached to her sister and brother. But one Sunday she was tempted to slide on the ice on the pond near the house. Alas for her! She caught her new plaid dress on a snag and tore it. Parental discipline was exercised on the offender. She was a fearless climber and delighted to ride bareback on the horses, in fact, she was a real tomboy. She used to say that if she were a boy she would be either a sailor or a minister. Later she learned on her father's ship to do almost all that a sailor could, and as a missionary she has performed almost all the duties of a minister.

But the even tenor of her girlhood's days was to be sadly disturbed. One bright winter day in 1870 Capt. MacKellar drove his wife to Port Elgin in the nice new cutter, intending to stay there for a visit. The children missed their mother but no one guessed what changes would soon take place. Margaret dreamed that night that the fence surrounding the flower-garden was removed and carried down the road to Port Elgin. The grandmother, perhaps with Highland premonition, interpreted the dream thus, that the mother, the one who held the home together was gone to Port Elgin. The interpretation proved true, for she never again made her home in the little log house, for while in Port Elgin, though still quite a young

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woman, she had a stroke of paralysis. As soon as arrangements could be made the children were removed to the town and a new home set up, but the grandmother and uncles remained on the farm. The seamstress of the family was engaged to look after the mother and children.

There are not many incidents during her mother's illness that stand out in Margaret's memory, but there is *one*. Margaret had won a prize at school, and on her return she knelt beside her mother's chair, and laid the book on her lap. The mother laid her hand upon the child's head and wept. It seemed like a consecration, and no doubt the mother's heart cried out to God on behalf of the children whom she felt she was so soon to leave. And the God of motherless children heard her cry and in a peculiar way laid *His* hand on this daughter for His service.

In the autumn of 1872 Mrs. MacKellar was taken home. It was at the funeral service, when Mr. Tolmie, of Southampton, read from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, that, for the first time a word of Scripture seized hold of Margaret's mind, and the solemn words of verse 54, though scarcely understood, came with comfort to the child's heart.



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### CHAPTER II

#### GIRLHOOD

**G**IVING to Capt. MacKellar's frequent absence from home, the children were left largely to the care of the housekeeper. Annie was fifteen, Margaret eleven, Mary between eight and nine, and William Norman seven. Their father provided well for his children, and was anxious that they should have a good education. Margaret was at an age to run errands and to help in the house, and she felt that she got more than her share of work. Her hot little heart often rose in rebellion and she found ways of "getting even" with the housekeeper. She ate the tender hearts of the young cabbages in the garden, and the housekeeper supposed that a neighbor's rabbits were responsible. She nibbled at the roll-jelly cake in the pantry, and the housekeeper removed all the jars and dishes from the pantry shelves, and nailed tin over every hole which could possibly give entrance to mice! There was little love lost between the wilful little girl and the bullying housekeeper. About a year and a half later Margaret was asked one evening to clear up a back-kitchen. Perhaps she forgot. Next morning the housekeeper coming out through the kitchen with a carving-knife, finding Margaret there and seeing the task unfinished, struck her across the shoulder with the knife which snapped off above the handle. Margaret was not a tale-bearer, but she told this incident as a great secret to her grandmother's servant, who, thinking it too serious a matter to be overlooked, told her mistress. Capt. MacKellar was informed on his return, and the housekeeper was dismissed, much to the relief of the children. Annie pleaded that no other housekeeper be engaged, but that she be given a chance to see what she could do. The new arrangement succeeded so well, that Annie continued to "mother" the family till the home was broken up when Margaret was eighteen.

During these years the presence of the dear mother was greatly missed in the home, but her influence continued to be felt. Their father, though absent so much, did what he could

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to encourage the girls to go on with their education. Both went as far as the highest grade in the town school, but there was no High School. There were not many books in the home, but among them were, "Captain Cook's Voyages," "The Life of David Livingstone," "Burns' Poems." Great reverence was shown for the Bible, of which Capt. MacKellar had several copies in the best binding he could get. When he was at home he was a regular attendant at church, and his Sabbath afternoons were spent in reading his Gaelic Bible. He did not say much about his religion, but he lived it. On his voyages when he stopped at ports over Sabbath, rather than load his ship on that day, he would drop out of his turn.

At school it was no trouble for Margaret to learn her lessons. Her lively disposition made her more likely than the average girl to get into mischief. She had a teacher who believed that the punishment should be appropriate to the offence, so for chewing gum in school, Margaret had to stand before the class and chew as hard as she could for a certain time; for going a short-cut down a forbidden stairway she had to go up and down the right way till her knees ached; for snowballing others on the way from school she had to throw snowballs at a stump for half an hour. The last time she had a taste of the rod at school was when she refused to tell on a boy who had committed a fault when she was monitress in the absence of the teacher.

There was a piano in the home and their father arranged that the girls should take music lessons from the best teacher in the town, an accomplished Scottish lady, who also conducted a select dancing class of which Annie and Margaret became members, Margaret being especially enthusiastic. At times the pupils gave exhibitions of their skill, and Margaret remembers her mortification on one occasion when she was obliged to wear a dress with the long sleeves turned up rather than what she considered a proper costume. When she was fifteen she attended her first and only full-dress ball. At this period the future missionary entered heartily with her young friends into all the social gaieties of the time. In the summer there were amusements at the lake, and in the winter house-



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parties, sleighing-parties and skating, into which Margaret entered with the same keenness that she showed later in her studies and in her mission work.

Her aptness for gaining and imparting detailed information was shown by the delight she took in telling her family the news she had gleaned about town.

In the summer of 1874 there was a break in the ordinary routine when Capt. MacKellar took his four children on the ship with him, first up among the islands of the Georgian Bay, then down through Lakes St. Clair, Erie and Ontario to Montreal. Perhaps the freedom of life on board ship and the returning late to school in the autumn had something to do with Margaret's desire to give up her studies. Annie pleaded with her to continue. Her father, who was seldom stern, was firm in his determination that she should go on. But she dared to disobey. She had a strong will of her own and finally got her own way.

As she did not wish to be idle she learned dressmaking, and with her first earnings bought herself a Bible, which she still has.

In the summer of 1878 Margaret again had the privilege of going for a trip on the lake, this time accompanying her uncle, Capt. MacLeod. Her readiness for any emergency was exemplified on this trip. The cook not proving satisfactory, Margaret persuaded her uncle to let her do the cooking. This was no easy task for there were eight or ten hungry sailors, but it was well done. The young cook did not stop with the preparation of the regular meals, but in the hot summer afternoons made "fizzing" drinks for the thirsty men, which were much appreciated. At the end of three months Margaret received sixty dollars for her services, which proved very useful in the fresh step she was about to take.

In the autumn of that year, Mr. John MacKellar, a commercial traveller for a Hamilton firm, and a friend and distant relative of Capt. MacKellar, heard that Margaret desired to learn millinery. He invited her to come to Hamilton and make her home with his family. With Mr. MacKellar's help she got a place in a first-class millinery store kept by a dignified

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Scotchwoman and her daughter. She was handy with her needle, and her employer soon learned to entrust her with work that needed special care, thus placing her above her seniors in the shop. Her work at the milliner's gave fresh opportunities for the development of her characteristics of neatness and thoroughness. Perhaps it was an inherited trait in the sailor's child that she liked everything to be ship-shape.

When a few months later her friends, the MacKellars' moved to Paris, the milliner so highly prized the services of her new worker that to induce her to stay she offered her the same wages as she was giving to one who had been three years in her employ. But Margaret went to Paris with the MacKellars. When it was suggested that she might learn millinery there, she refused, being too proud to learn in a little town like Paris after having begun in the city of Hamilton! But God took her back to Paris to learn. After a few months' visit there, she returned home to Port Elgin. A great change was to take place before she again saw her friends in Paris.



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### CHAPTER III

#### A SOUL'S AWAKENING

**T**O discover the beginnings of Margaret's response to the patient seeking of Divine Love we must go back to the time of that happy summer on the lakes in 1874. At that time Margaret remembers meeting Mr. Bone on her trip through the Welland Canal. He was a saintly old man—a missionary to the sailors. Some of the tracts he left on their ship she distributed at ports at which they called.

During the same summer Margaret was in the country with her grandmother for a time. At home she had not been accustomed to rise early, but one morning at the farm she was up before sunrise. There was something in that sunrise that touched her heart. She had felt the same when she saw the sunrise on the St. Lawrence among the Thousand Islands. God was calling her to worship Him, and her heart was going out in longing that He would somehow reveal Himself to her.

About this time, too, her cousin, Kate MacCormick, was converted at an evangelistic meeting in Durham conducted by the Rev. Alex. Grant. Her heart was stirred as Kate told of these wonderful meetings. How she longed to be told just what *she* should do to have the great change wrought in her.

As Mr. Grant was to hold meetings in the schoolhouse, two and a quarter miles away, the two girls walked to the place and waited for him to come. But he had been hindered. Rain came on, and the girls were muddy and wet when they reached home. Nevertheless, they went again the next night, only to be again disappointed. How deep was the disappointment in Margaret's heart, Kate did not guess, for she did not know that her cousin was longing to know Christ.

Margaret had grown up in the church and was a regular attendant at Sunday-school. About this time her sister Annie decided to unite with the church, and the minister suggested that Margaret, who was now sixteen, was old enough to take this step also. For a good while Margaret refused to join, but at last thinking that by this means she might gain the peace of

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mind for which she longed, she consented. What an opportunity that minister missed of leading a soul into the light! Little did he guess the unspoken longings of this girl's heart. Nothing was said and no enquiries were made that gave her an opportunity to reveal her state of heart. Indeed the step which she took at that time with the encouragement of her minister only made it harder for her later to take the step which led to her conversion.

After joining the church Margaret took her part in collecting for missions, securing signatures to a petition for prohibition, and in distributing the "Record" in the homes of the congregation. But God, who had suffered her to hunger, had plentiful goodness stored up for her, and she was to be abundantly satisfied.

In the autumn of 1879 the evangelists, Mr. Arthur Burson and Mr. Anderson, visited Port Elgin. They engaged the Town Hall for their meetings, so that all denominations might unite in an effort to win souls to Christ. Margaret had a certain contempt for revival meetings, for she had noticed that numbers of persons who professed conversion exhibited no permanent change of life and were ready, when the next opportunity offered, to go through again with the same profession. But perhaps her hunger of heart led her to go to the first meeting. That very night the arrow of conviction pierced her heart. The messages that Mr. Burson brought, night after night, deepened in Margaret's heart the conviction of sin. After a few nights the evangelists began to call for some sign from those who desired to be prayed for, or who felt they wished to be saved.

Margaret had been convicted from the first, but she resisted the prompting of the spirit to raise her hand. She said in her heart, "I am a church member, and all the people sitting round me know it: what will they think of me if I put up my hand." But at length the burden was greater than she could bear. Scores were remaining every night; a real work of grace was in progress. She, too, remained and at length ventured to raise her hand. It was her own minister, Mr. Gourley, who came to talk with her. She told him she lacked assur-



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ance of salvation and was afraid she could not live a truly consistent Christian life. He gave her a verse that was dear to her in after years, "My grace is sufficient for thee," but she did not reach assurance of salvation then. Janet Curry, one of her friends, one who proved herself a friend at the time of the death of Margaret's mother, had, during these meetings, come into the light and joy of the assurance of salvation. She became filled with the desire to help Margaret into the same joyous experience, and had many conversations with her, showing her very clearly that all she had to do was simply to believe on Christ. One evening she invited Margaret to go home with her to spend the night. They talked a good while then lapsed into silence, and Margaret lay thinking, when suddenly it came to her with a burst of light that when God said, "Who-soever," He included her, and all she had to do was to believe! So great was her joy that she called Janet to share it with her. Thus, November 19th, 1879, became to Margaret MacKellar the beginning of months, and Port Elgin the dearest spot in the world.

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## CHAPTER IV

### LETTING HER LIGHT SHINE

**T**HERE was no doubt as to the reality of the change that had come to Margaret MacKellar. Her heart was set on her new Treasure, the Lord Jesus Christ, and she lost all her taste for earthly pleasures.

She never questioned whether playing cards and dancing were right or wrong: she simply did not desire them. Even her music (she had never learned to play sacred music) ceased to have any attraction for her. About this time the piano had to be sold in order to discharge a debt of her father's as he had had reverses in business. But the loss of it caused her no sorrow.

The evangelists held meetings in various places till February of the following year, Margaret followed them. With characteristic Scottish reticence she could not bring herself to give any public testimony in the meetings, but her letters to her friends were full of her new joy, and she pleaded with them to accept the Saviour. Cottage prayer-meetings were begun in the town after the evangelists left, and it was in one of these that the future missionary's voice was first heard publicly as, very tremblingly, she engaged in prayer.

In the spring of the year she received a call to the sick bed of her namesake, Maggie MacKellar, of Paris. She had been corresponding with Maggie, who was a little more than a year younger than herself, and had aroused in her friend's heart a desire to know Christ. Not realizing, however, that her friend was so ill, she stayed off for a week's visit in Galt on the way. There she was taken to visit a home for orphans, and the work for these children, brought from England, made a very strong appeal to her, and she thought she would like to give her whole time to God in some such work as that.

When she arrived in Paris she found the other Maggie in the last stages of consumption. She was allowed to sleep with her. In order to test if there was real desire on her friend's part to hear of Jesus she waited for her to open the conversa-



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tion. It was difficult, but at last the sick girl opened her heart, and Margaret MacKellar, only a short time after her own conversion, had the joy of bringing a soul to Christ.

Our Margaret MacKellar had always been welcome in this MacKellar home, but now she received a special invitation to remain. She decided to stay, and now being made willing to learn millinery in Paris, she soon got a position, and worked here for two seasons before the MacKellars moved to Ingersoll. The young Christian let her light shine among the other girls in the workroom and wherever she went. It was not always easy. She had to suffer some persecution, but she had a Friend to whom she always went with all her joys and troubles, and she learned that He never failed her. Mr. Burson had given her a little book, "Tell Jesus." It lay on her table and the shining gilt letters of the title met her eyes as soon as she entered the room, and seemed to smile up at her with the invitation to "tell Jesus." And as she told Jesus, she needed not to tell an earthly friend, and no one else ever knew what she had to bear. One of the girls in the workroom, a Roman Catholic, seeing her earnest life, said she was sure if Margaret had been of her religion, she would have become a nun.

Margaret was a regular attendant at church, and soon became a teacher in the Sabbath school. There was not so much heard then as now about the keeping of the morning watch. Margaret did not keep it regularly, but there were times when she rose early and found inexpressibly sweet fellowship with God in that quiet morning hour before the work of the day began.

As in Hamilton, so in Paris, the young milliner made herself valuable to her employers.

In 1881 Dr. MacKay, of Formosa, visited Paris and gave a missionary address. It was the first Margaret had ever heard, and she was greatly stirred. It was not her nature to do anything by halves. She emptied out all she had in her purse on the collection plate, and with a daring faith wrote a promise to pay two dollars and a half towards Oxford College, though she was not yet receiving any wages and did not know where

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this amount was to come from. Her faith was justified, for before the date of payment she received a gift of five dollars. Sitting beside her that night at the meeting was a friend who years afterwards spoke to Margaret about the difference in their lives due to the different response each had made to God's call at that meeting. She had had the same opportunity, and gave to the collection what she had brought. She had felt the call of the great mission work, but did not obey. Margaret's soul had gone out in longing to help. She had obeyed.

In the spring of 1882, feeling ready to take charge of a millinery establishment herself, Miss MacKellar went to work in a wholesale millinery establishment in London. Most of the girls there went at their own expense, but owing to the recommendation of her employers in Paris, Miss MacKellar was paid a small wage—just sufficient to pay her board.

About this time her father died of pneumonia, Margaret arriving home too late to see him alive.

In London Miss MacKellar had a second opportunity of hearing a great missionary speak. This time it was Robertson, of Erromanga. Again she gave in the offering every cent she had, and next day had to borrow money to buy a postage stamp, and had nothing in hand to pay her board. Was such giving reckless? We shall see. A buyer writing from Toronto had asked Mr. Green, of the wholesale establishment to choose a milliner for him. His choice fell on Miss MacKellar, but when some days later the buyer visited the London wholesale, he thought Miss MacKellar, in her simple black dress and plain hair dressing, was not stylish enough, and he decided not to take her. He, however, gave Mr. Green ten dollars, a week's wages, to give her. At first, pride prompted her to refuse it, but other counsels prevailed, and thus her needs were met.

About this time she went for a week's visit to the home of the MacPhersons, near Westminster, a few miles from London. While she was there she had a dream that impressed her much. She thought the judgment day had come, and she was received into heaven by the Lord Jesus. She rejoiced at the welcome He gave her, and then her joy turned to sorrow



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for she felt that she had come empty-handed. Her grief was deep. She awoke, rose from her bed, and on her knees gave herself wholly to God to follow His leading. This was not her *call* to the mission field, but it left the way open for that call.

She was soon employed at Ridgetown, and was there for two seasons, but during this period, as far as her missionary progress is concerned, there is nothing to record.

In the winter season, 1883, she got a position in the establishment of Mr. R. J. Colville, of Dresden. He was not only an employer, but a friend and fellow-Christian. These were the early days of the Salvation Army, and Mr. and Mrs. Colville had taken two young women, Army officers, into their home. Their consecrated lives made a great appeal to Miss MacKellar, and perhaps if she had received encouragement from those whose advice she sought at this time, she might have joined the Salvation Army. Mr. Colville's employees, too, were all Christians, and a rather remarkable group they were. After Miss MacKellar left, Mr. Colville gave up business and became a Y.M.C.A. secretary; Miss MacKellar became a medical missionary; Will Rush studied medicine and became a foreign missionary, and is now at work among the Galicians of Western Canada; Mr. Groves was also for a time in Y.M.C.A. work. Other girls in the store became Sabbath school teachers, so all were actively engaged in work for Christ.

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### CHAPTER V

#### THE MISSIONARY CALL

**M**ISS MacKELLAR was constantly impressed with the thought that God wanted her to do something more for Him. At the close of the spring season of 1884 she yielded her life to God to be a missionary if He so willed. Before her lay a testing-time. It was not due to the encouragement she received at the beginning of her career that we have her, a pre-eminent missionary on the field to-day. God has ways of testing His soldiers as Gideon's were tested, that the faint-hearted may be weeded out, and in Margaret MacKellar's experience a period of hard training had to be undergone before she was ready for her place in the forefront of the fighting line in India.

Mr. Tulloch, who was minister of Dresden and a Queen's man, wrote of Miss MacKellar to Principal Grant, telling him of her purpose to become a missionary, of her lack of education, and of her determination to go back to school to fit herself for mission work. Dr. Grant wrote in reply that he thought this was the best thing she could do. Miss MacKellar also communicated her intentions to Dr. Ballantyne, who had been her minister in Paris. He wrote to Dr. Wardrope, the Foreign Mission Secretary, who replied that there were other names that would have to be considered before that of Miss MacKellar:

She saw clearly that the return to school was the first step to be taken, and wrote to her friends, the MacKellars, then in Ingersoll, to ask if she might come there to attend school. Mr. MacKellar replied that she would be most welcome, and that as long as he had a home, he would be glad to have a Maggie MacKellar in it. Her sister Annie, to whom she told her intention, was not surprised. She had always thought something like this would happen, and declared herself ready to do all she could to forward her sister's plans.

On arriving in Ingersoll in the summer of 1884, Miss MacKellar called on Mr. F. W. Merchant, the Principal of the High



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School (now Dr. Merchant, Director of Technical Education in Ontario). She explained her position and asked his advice. Mr. Merchant, a keen educationalist and an earnest Christian, was much interested in the would-be missionary. Though she had not passed the Entrance Examination to High School he said he would take her into the first form of the High School. After buying her books Miss MacKellar had just five dollars left, but she had plenty of faith and determination. At the beginning of September she started to High School, but after two or three weeks she realized that the work was too hard for her: there were so many new subjects and she had not learned to concentrate her attention, so it took her a long time to prepare her lessons. She went again to Mr. Merchant and suggested that she had better go back to the Public School. Mr. Merchant knew well what that would mean, and advised her to try again. But after a week or so more she was utterly discouraged—*almost* ready to give up. Then the Lord stood by her and strengthened her with the message, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Taking her courage in both hands she decided *to go back to the Public School*, only praying earnestly that the children among whom she would be sitting might not make fun of her. Not only was her prayer answered, but one of the High School pupils, who afterwards offered to go as a missionary, said that as she met Margaret MacKellar day by day going to the Public School, she thought "Surely this girl has some great purpose in her life. I would never have the courage to do what she has done."

Thus at the age of twenty-two Miss MacKellar returned to the Public School. The first day when dictation was given from an unseen passage, she had twenty-two mistakes in spelling out of forty-two words. But, nothing daunted, she was willing to go back to a still lower room if necessary. The principal of the Public School wrote as his contribution to her autograph album: "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

So great was her desire to make progress in her preparation that she decided to devote Saturday to the study of Church History, but she found it better to give undivided attention to her

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school work. She was only absent from school twice in two years. Her progress may be judged by the fact that she passed the Entrance examination at Christmas, and in the fall of 1886 the matriculation examination for Queen's University.

During her stay in Ingersoll she took part in Sabbath School work, and with Miss Maggie Nichol, a school teacher (who afterwards volunteered for Foreign Mission service) conducted one of the cottage prayer meetings in a section of the town. She made many good Christian friends in Ingersoll, and when she left for college they presented her with a purse containing fifty dollars in gold. With this she bought a gold watch, which has been in use ever since that time.



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### CHAPTER VI COLLEGE DAYS

**T**HROUGH correspondence Miss MacKellar had come into relationship with the officers of The Women's Foreign Missionary Society. At the invitation of the Secretary, Mrs. Harvie, she attended the annual meeting in London in 1885, and the W.F.M. Society soon adopted her as their own, and helped her financially during her High School course.

In the spring of 1886 she first met the Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church, when at the same time Dr. Marion Oliver was accepted as a missionary for India.

As there was urgent need of medical women for India, the ladies of the Board had suggested that Miss MacKellar should take a medical course, and they offered to become responsible for her expenses. At this time Miss MacKellar had not been medically examined, but any one seeing her rosy cheeks and her energetic movements would have said she needed no physical examination.

She became a great favorite with the Board, and at one of the annual meetings Mrs. Gordon (mother of Ralph Connor) came up to her, and putting a hand on each shoulder and looking into the earnest eyes of the young student, said "My dear, you must pray to be kept humble, for you have become a public pet in the church."

Thus at the opening of the College years in 1886 we find Margaret MacKellar's name on the list of those who registered as students of medicine at Queen's University, Kingston, and so a new stage in her preparation commenced. The following years were busy ones. In addition to her college work, the young student entered heartily into the different activities and pursuits of college life. In her first year at Queen's, the Student Volunteer Movement was first organized, and Miss MacKellar became a member. In her second year the number of volunteers was thirty-five, four of whom were women. A hundred per cent. of the women carried out their purpose of being missionaries, but only about thirty-three per cent. of the men.

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In her second year the Students' Y.W.C.A. was also organized and Margaret MacKellar was chosen President. Always eager to help the work of missions, she started a snow ball scheme for the Women's Hospital at Indore, Central India, and as a result handed the treasurer seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Her summer months, too, were filled with work. Two or three of the doctors in Ingersoll invited her to visit certain of their patients with them. Another woman student was in Ingersoll one summer studying to pass her matriculation examination. A relative of the MacKellar family called Uncle Archie humorously remarked of the two would-be doctors: "Well, Maggie, the F.M.C. has shown great wisdom in choosing you two." "Why?" "You are both so homely that nobody would ever want to marry you, and you will both be so old when you get through that even the cannibals will not want to eat you!"

At one time during her course, Miss MacKellar was asked to prepare and read a paper on Medical Missions at the annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. Owing to an examination being held at that time she was unable to be present at the meeting, but her paper was read by Mrs. G. H. Robinson, who recently retired from the W.M.S. Board. The address was afterwards printed and copied by an American paper, a copy of which fell into the hands of Thomas MacKellar of Germantown (Philadelphia, Pa.). He became interested in the young woman who bore his name, and who intended to become a missionary. He gave her a volume of his poems, one of which, a hymn found in many collections, has even since been a special favorite of Margaret MacKellar's

"All unseen the Master walketh,  
By the toiling servant's side;"

The first of several gifts of money he sent her was expended in London on lessons in riding, an accomplishment she had been advised to acquire before going to the mission field. She had already had some lessons in Ingersoll, where she arranged with the proprietor of a livery stable for the use of a horse between five and six in the morning. The owner himself gave

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her lessons, and when she asked for his bill, he said he wanted her to take his help and the use of his horse as a contribution to her mission work.

We may here give the story of an answer to prayer, an account of which Miss MacKellar wrote to the Guild Gazette. She had seen that Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Bible, in six volumes, had been offered by the "Missionary Review of the World" for twelve dollars, and she desired to have the set. She began to pray for it, and from the first had the assurance that her prayer would be answered. The arrangement was that two dollars were to be paid each month. During the Christmas holidays she was praying earnestly for two dollars for the first volume. She was called to address a missionary meeting, and after it was over some one gave her a donation towards the special scheme she was pleading for—the Indore Hospital—and then handed her a two-dollar bill, saying, "Miss MacKellar, I should like you to accept this for yourself." When the circumstances were related, it was hard to tell which felt more joy, the giver or the receiver. In February word came from the publishers that the six volumes could be had for ten dollars and a half, paid before May 20th. Miss MacKellar said to herself, "I might as well pray that the whole sum be given by that time." So that night she prayed for the necessary amount. Next day a friend gave her two dollars, saying she had many times thought of giving it, but had been afraid of offending her. That morning she had felt impelled to come with it. She was told her gift was an answer to prayer. These instances were told to an Arts student to convince her that God hears and answers prayer. When she went to bid this student good-bye, the latter handed her two dollars, saying it was for another volume of Matthew Henry's Commentary. Three dollars more was saved from a board bill, as she went on a visit for a week. Arrangements were made to board with a friend in Toronto for a month at a lower rate than in Kingston, and the difference would just make up the amount required. But when she went to pay her board bill, the friend refused to take anything. Miss MacKellar wrote: "She said she had stated a price because she knew I would not



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come if she had said it would be nothing. The Master Himself knows how deeply my heart was touched as I told my friend of His faithfulness to me, His unworthy child, and as I told her all about the books, and said, 'See how God answers prayer—I was praying for ten dollars and a half, and He gave me nineteen!' "

The Commentary was afterwards passed on to an Indian Professor in Indore College.

Many other incidents of answered prayer might be given. Indeed Miss MacKellar's whole life from the time of her conversion was a record of answered prayer.

Her circumstances after giving up her regular employment to go back to school led her to cast herself upon God: she looked to Him for the supply of every need, temporal and spiritual. He did not disappoint her. Her devotion to Christ; the completeness of her surrender; the singleness of her aim, and her determined efforts to prepare herself for her chosen work, touched many hearts, and when people listened to the story of the great need that had called her, and of how God had led her on, they were inspired to give her a helping hand.

Throughout her college course Miss MacKellar did not go away for her holidays at Christmas, but spent the time in reviewing her work. During one of these vacations she was asked to address a meeting on missions at a place in the country. She had not her usual written address on hand, as a cousin had borrowed it from her to read at a meeting.

She sent for it, but it failed to reach her in time for her meeting. What was she to do? She felt that the time had come for her to cast herself wholly on God for help. There came to her mind as a message from God: "Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces. for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." She was driven from the station directly to the place of meeting, and had not even time for quiet thought. But her subject had been well prepared. She was familiar with it, and had great freedom in speaking. From that time she never used a manuscript and seldom a note of any kind.

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During her college course she did good solid work. As her work was to be among women and children, it is gratifying to know that she took a high stand, she and another student being tied equal for second place in the department of midwifery and women's diseases. She also passed successfully the Ontario Council's examinations, a stiff test; and at the close of her college course represented her class as valedictorian.

Dr. O'Hara and Dr. Agnes Turnbull were two of Dr. MacKellar's college friends at Kingston, and they, too, have given life service to India. In college the three were known affectionately as Hario, Turnio, and Dr. MacKellar, because of her small proportions, as Tinio.

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### CHAPTER VII

#### DESIGNATION AND DEPARTURE FOR INDIA

**T**HE happy college years had come to a close, and with steadfast face the missionary-designate was looking forward to her life-work which was to be in India. Partings have to be faced as part of the price they pay who choose to serve Christ in foreign lands. There was for Miss MacKellar the sadness of leaving the MacKellar home, where she had been as a daughter and sister for six years. The night before she left she prayed with the family. All were feeling the parting from one who had become very dear to them, and were solemnized in spirit. During the time of prayer Mr. MacKellar was led to God, and afterwards made public confession of his faith by uniting with the church. As it was at the time of her reception into the family so it was at her going forth: God gave her as a special sign of His blessing the conversion of a soul.

The Designation Service at which Dr. MacKellar was formally set apart as a missionary of the church was held in Ingersoll, April 22nd, 1890. Impressive addresses were given by the Foreign Mission Secretary, Mr. Hamilton Cassels; by the Rev. A. Gandier, and by Dr. Mactavish. Mrs. Ewart, the President of the W.F.M. Society, who did not speak to mixed audiences broke through her rule on this occasion. Other speakers were: Dr. Murray, of London (Dr. MacKellar's pastor while in that city), and Mrs Harvie, who presented the young missionary with a Bible on behalf of the W.F.M.B. The Mission Band of the church presented her with a clock. The Ingersoll church was without a pastor at the time, but the Rev. E. R. Hutt, who afterwards became its pastor, had preached the previous Sabbath, and had announced the service. He afterwards became the warm friend and supporter of the new missionary.

But no doubt the most impressive part in the meeting was that taken by Dr. MacKellar herself. She told simply the story of how God had led her. It was an inspiring recital, and many



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were impressed by it and proud that one so evidently chosen and gifted was to represent them on the mission field. There was one young girl in the audience who eagerly listened and long remembered the earnest words, for she, too, hoped to become a medical missionary. Henceforth Margaret MacKellar became one of her ideals, and words which the missionary said to her at parting were fulfilled twelve years later: "When you come to India we will give you a royal welcome, and I'll come down to Bombay to meet you."

Next day Dr. MacKellar left to pay a hurried visit to her old home, Port Elgin. A farewell meeting was held there, too, the Rev. James Gourley presiding. The friends there expressed their appreciation by a gift of money for the purchase of medical books, and that night her old school teacher, Mr. James MacKinnon, handed her five dollars. Dr. MacKellar was off by the four o'clock train next morning, having said good-bye to her sisters who had come over from the U.S.A. to be present at both the Ingersoll and Port Elgin meetings. She stayed off at Kingston for the Convocation, read the valedictory address for her class, and received her degree of M.D. Before leaving Kingston she addressed a missionary meeting in Convocation Hall of Queen's University, Principal Grant saying as he received her on the platform: "This is the second time to-day that Dr. MacKellar has been on this platform."

It had been decided that Dr. MacKellar should have the advantage of a few months of post-graduate work in England before proceeding to India.

Navigation not being yet open to Montreal, she went to Halifax to take ship for England. For two days before sailing she was the guest of the late Dr. and Mrs. Burns, and had the opportunity of addressing missionary meetings, and of meeting the father of Dr. Agnes Turnbull, her class-mate, who afterwards followed her to India.

Dr. MacKellar sailed from Halifax on May 3rd. She thoroughly enjoyed the new experiences of the voyage, and with characteristic generosity began a series of descriptive letters to her home friends (printed in the Guild Gazette) which took

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them with her from Ingersoll through London and Scotland and on to India.

Dr. MacKellar spent four months in London. Although the facilities afforded to women doctors and students a quarter of a century ago were not what they are to-day, yet she made the most of her opportunities and profited much by her time of special work. She took a special course in midwifery, and attended six other hospitals in London, gaining experience in eye diseases; in diseases of the chest and of the skin (of which there are many in India), in children's and women's diseases, and mental diseases.

In one of her letters she speaks of the "long, lonely, loveless, London days"—the loneliest she ever remembers. She went to that great city practically a stranger. Can one be lonelier than in a great city? It was another test—and she did not fail. She worked hard, and in the intervals visited and described for her friends, who looked eagerly for letters over her signature, such places of historic interest as St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. It was characteristic of the sailor's daughter to climb the 616 steps to the top of St. Paul's and to touch the golden cross with which the dome is surmounted. When passing over David Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey, she remembered his prayer on his last birthday, and repeated it as her own: "Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee."

One of the doctors at a London hospital noticed the Queen's colors that Dr. MacKellar wore, and asked her about her college. He was a friend of the Hon. Michael Sullivan, of Kingston, and a member of Parliament. He gave Dr. MacKellar his card which admitted her to the Houses of Parliament, and she had the privilege, on more than one occasion, in the Ladies' Gallery, of listening to debates in both Houses.

Dr. MacKellar heard many of the great preachers of the time: Spurgeon, Dr. Parker, Hugh Price Hughes, S. B. Meyer and Mark Guy Pearse, of whom the two first named were her favorites.

Towards the end of July a party of clerical friends from

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Toronto arrived in London, and seeing how tired out Dr. MacKellar looked, said she must take a holiday, and persuaded her to accompany them to Scotland for a month. Among the party were the Rev. R. P. MacKay, afterwards our Foreign Mission Secretary; Dr. and Mrs. Mactavish, of Central Church, Toronto; the Rev. John Neil, and the Rev. Hugh Grant. Dr. MacKellar took the keenest interest in this trip, and her letters at this time are full of descriptions containing the most accurate details, dates of historical events, heights of mountains, lengths of bridges; the whole interspersed with verses of poetry or apt stories.

After her holiday in Scotland Dr. MacKellar spent a few more weeks in London. On October 4th, 1890, she sailed for India in the P. and O. S.S. "Peninsular." She reached Bombay on October 26th and was met by Miss Jean Sinclair, now Mrs. J. S. MacKay, who had been with her in the Medical College, Kingston, in 1887-1888, and the Rev. W. A. Wilson, of Neemuch, and with them proceeded to Indore, her first station.



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### CHAPTER VIII SERVICE IN INDIA

**T**HE aim of this sketch is to show how God led Dr. MacKellar up till the time she became a missionary, but we feel we cannot conclude it without referring briefly to her work in India.

An extract from a letter she wrote after having been a short time in India gives an idea of one kind of work she had to do. (It should be remembered that in those early days there was no Zenana Hospital in our Mission. Our pioneer medical women, Drs. Beattie and Marion Oliver, began and carried on work for some years in small rooms attached to the Ladies' Bungalow, and in rented rooms in the City of Indore, hence there was proportionately more visiting and treatment of patients in their own homes then, than is the case now.) "We drove a couple of miles out of the city with its crowded streets and dim lights into the country, and there, before a dirty little tent, I was let out with one native assistant. On asking where my patient was I was told, 'within the tent.' For a moment I did not know what to do, but the groan from within made me decide there was but one thing to do, and that I did: got down and crawled in on my hands and knees. Before getting my assistant in I was obliged to put out the woman who held in her hand the little vessel from which the light was coming. The light-bearer sat outside and thrust in her hand with the light under the tent. The tent was six by four and three feet high. I had to remain on my knees on the ground with my head brushing against the top of the tent. What about the patient? The poor thing was lying on mother earth without a stitch of clothes under or on her. About two yards of dirty cotton was thrown over her. Beside her was one little mortal who had come into this world about twelve hours before.

"After administering chloroform, and attending to some other things, another little cherub was placed beside the first. They both had to be wrapped up in my apron as there was no clothing for them. And yet in spite of it being the cold season,

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and in spite of the dirt, poverty, want of clothing and antiseptic surroundings, the mother and her children thrive. When I crawled out into the open it was some minutes before I could stand erect. Outside there were about five men, as many women, and about twice as many children. The children sat naked round a small fire in the open air. Much more might be said about this scene, but I must not weary you."

In 1892 Dr. MacKellar opened medical work in Neemuch, a station 160 miles north of Indore. Evangelistic work had already been begun there in 1885 by the Rev. W. A. Wilson.



Hospital patients moved out into the warm sunshine, Neemuch

Accommodation was found for Dr. MacKellar in a rented bungalow, afterwards purchased by the Women's Board. This bungalow has continued to be Dr. MacKellar's home in India. It was conveniently situated at the end of the civil lines, and near to the *bazaar*, or native shop district. Fourteen acres of land attached to the bungalow subsequently afforded sites for the building of a church, orphanage, dispensary and hospital.

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A house was rented for a dispensary in the native part of the city and work begun there August 7th, 1892. Later, to meet the needs of patients coming from the British cantonment bazaar, a second dispensary was opened there in a building that continued to be its home till 1912.

As an evidence of the superstition and opposition the pioneer woman doctor in Neemuch had to encounter, one morning soon after the opening of the second dispensary she found laid at its door a corn-cob, lemons cut in two, a cocoanut shell and blood—symbols of a curse. The Indian helper was afraid to remove them, so the doctor herself lifted them and took them away.

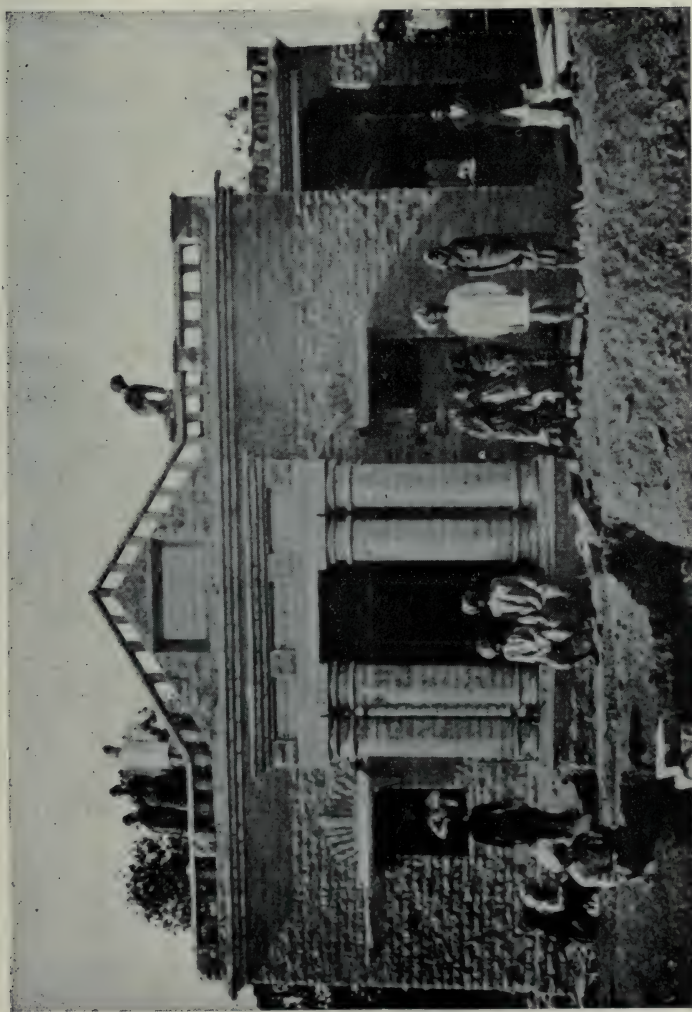
The medical work in Neemuch has been peculiarly Dr. MacKellar's, for though others supplied her place when she was on furlough, or she herself gave a few months to other work, she always returned to Neemuch. In the early days when the work was smaller and trained helpers were few the doctor herself did a great deal in every department. Now, associated with a Canadian-trained missionary nurse in charge of the hospital, and having a Ludhiana-trained assistant and experienced Indian nurses, compounders, dressers and Biblewomen, she stands, as she said in a recent report, "at the helm to guide the work." Just as much responsibility as the Indian helpers can carry is given to them.

In the beginning there was one dispensary—now there are three, and in addition the hospital of 45 beds. Last year there were 20,728 treatments and 368 in patients and 2,405 Rs. received in fees, sales and donations. People came from 205 different places as far away as 603 miles.

An outstanding feature of Dr. MacKellar's work in India has been her power of influencing young Indian girls to fit themselves to become workers among their own people. One of her favorite sayings is: "It is better to set ten men to work than to try and do the work of ten." In addition to training workers herself, she has influenced eight or nine young women to take special training in Ludhiana Medical School to fit themselves for different departments of medical service. Dr. MacKellar is the indefatigable Honorary Secretary of the



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DISPENSARY FOR WOMEN, NEEMUCH, CENTRAL INDIA. The white marble slab above the door contains in letters of gold: "We wash the wounds and God heals them," in English, Persian and Hindu; the men are workmen.

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Governing Board of the Ludhiana Women's Christian Medical College, and has its interests very much at heart.

Akin to her gift of utilizing human material and putting it to the best possible use is the generous way she has of applying whatever material resources she may have at her disposal to meet the needs of others.

Friends have been kind to her, and she says if she had kept all that had been given her, there would not be room in the bungalow for it. "Pass it on," is one of her mottoes. To provide comforts for those in the homeland depending on her, for many years she practised self-denial—a self-denial that was not hard because prompted by love. Here is the story of a gift that was "passed on":

Neemuch, 27, 12, 93,

Dear Mr. Wilkie:

I have only time to write a few words, but I know they will bring you and Mrs. Wilkie joy and gladness, and I trust many more.

Enclosed please find a draft for £82 which I had sent to me by a friend in the homeland as a Christmas present. It has already brought joy to my heart, so I pass it on to you to be used in the College buildings as my gift. I had often thought how nice it would be if I could give something to help in the building. I cannot give you my friend's name, but the instructions that came in the letter were that I was to use it on myself privately. This I feel I cannot do while the College building stands unfinished.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET MacKELLAR.

The gift was used to complete and furnish a large upper room in the Christian College, Indore, which was set apart for the use of the College Y.M.C.A. and named in appreciation of the donor, the MacKellar Hall.

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### CHAPTER IX

ONE of Dr. MacKellar's vacations was spent in company with several others of our mission in visiting Ceylon and South India. The party nearly lost their lives crossing from Ceylon to India in an open boat. The Moonsoon burst and they were nineteen hours instead of five in making the trip.

The visit to the old established missions of South India, where Christians sat down in hundreds to the Lord's Supper, was a great inspiration to Dr. MacKellar. Full of this subject, she sought an opportunity on her return to tell the little Christian community of Neemuch of God's work as she had seen it and to draw from it the great lesson that what God had done for South India He was able to do for Central India. The daughter of an Indian Catechist present at the meeting on hearing what God had wrought yielded herself to God for His service. She subsequently took a four years' course in the Ludhiana Medical College and became a helper in the medical work at Neemuch, where she worked until called to "higher service."

A privilege missionaries have on visits to the hills in India is that of attending conferences for the deepening of the spiritual life. One of these, four years after she came to India, stands out in Dr. MacKellar's memory as a time of great blessing, when she was able to say fully, regarding a matter of controversy with God,

"Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine *and take away*  
*All that now* makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done."

There is, too, at such conferences, the opportunity of coming in touch with other missionaries. Two of these, Rev. R. P. Wilder and the late Mrs. Jennie Fuller, were means of special help to Dr. MacKellar. Intercourse with the latter, during some weeks at the hills, was one of the very happiest experiences of Dr. MacKellar's life.



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NEEMUCH RED CROSS WORKERS WITH DR. MARGARET MacKELLAR  
Fourteen out of nineteen members received War Pins for attendance

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In 1899 and 1900 Central India was visited by a severe and widespread famine, and many of our missionaries dropped other work to attend to the relief of the sufferers. Dr. MacKellar was indefatigable in her efforts at this time, and like the Good shepherd, she would go to any trouble to rescue even *one* child. The plague epidemics which have occurred from time to time gave her further opportunities of relieving suffering, and it was in recognition of her services in these epidemics that her name was in the honors list at the time of the King-Emperor's Coronation Durbar, and the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal for public service in India was conferred upon her. She was an honored guest—the only missionary—in the camp of the Political Officers in Central India, at the great Delhi Durbar in December, 1912.

A few months later, just before her furlough, the new hospital at Neemuch, the crown of Dr. MacKellar's twenty years' service there, was opened, and at that time the medal was pinned on her by the Honourable the Agent to the Governor-General in Central India.

Dr. McKellar's relationships with the representatives of H. M. Government in Central India have always been most happy, and more than once her suggestions for helping the people whom she loves have been welcomed by them.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war the Medical Missionary Association of India placed their services at the disposal of Government to relieve, where possible, Government medical officers who might be needed for service abroad.

On June 29th, 1917, Dr. MacKellar received from the Director-General of Medical Service in India the following telegram: "Are you willing to accept employment in a Government hospital in India so as to set free medical officer for active service." The F.M.B. and W.M.B. cabled their willingness and the Council in India set her free for war work. On August the 4th, the 3rd anniversary of the war, she received a call from Simla to act with three others on a committee of selection to choose for service in military hospitals units of medical women from among the many who had offered their services.

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One of the helpful ministries of Dr. MacKellar's life is her letter-writing. Often at great expenditure of time and energy, and curtailing the time for necessary recreation, she sits at her desk answering letters. Anyone in need of help who appeals to her can be sure of a sympathetic and prompt reply. Many letters reach her—from missionaries, Indian Christians, and from persons of whom she has never heard, for she is widely known in India. Letters to the church papers, at one time frequent, have been fewer of late, because of the pressure of other correspondence, but there are many persons in the homeland who have felt the heart-beat of her sympathy and have treasured letters she has written. One of the labors of love which she has added to her list involving a good deal of correspondence is that of the Secretaryship of the Bible Success Band. The motto of this Band is found in Josh. I: 8, and the members promise to memorize one verse of Scripture daily. Through Dr. MacKellar's ardent advocacy it has—in two years—spread widely in India.

Akin to the ministry of letter-writing is that of sending out tracts or booklets. Dr. MacKellar has posted thousands of these. Some years ago she sent out a hundred copies of "A Spiritual Awakening" to her friends. One copy was sent to Rev. J. Goforth, of China, and was the means used to lead him out into a line of thoughtful study that resulted, as we know, in a great work of revival.

One of the annual reports Dr. MacKellar wrote years ago began with the words: "What we long for most, we see least of"—that is, the conversion of souls.

Mass movements are only beginning in Central India, if indeed they can be said to have begun. As yet the joy is over the *one* sinner repenting—for, as a rule, they come singly. But in her nearly twenty-seven years in India Dr. MacKellar has seen a goodly number of souls brought to Christ through her medical missionary work, and "saved to serve" Christ in India. Others she has seen dragged back to heathenism when they were on the point of open confession, but among them also will there not be found some in the number of the redeemed?













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